A Roman now adopted happilie,
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconciled your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus* I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords, and you *Lauinia*,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.
VVee doo, and vowe to Heauen and to his Highnes,
That what wee did, was mi'd ie as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.
Marcus. That on mine honour here doo I protest.
Saturnine. Away, and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay sweet Emperor, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweete hart looke backe.
Saturnine. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brothers here,
And at my louelie *Tamoras* intreats,
I doo remit these young mens hainous faults,
Stand vp: *Lauinia* though you left me like a Churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the Priest.
Come if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lauinia* and your friends:
This daie shall be a loue-daie *Tamora*.
Titus. To morrow and it please your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
VVith horne and hound, weele giue your grace bon iour.
Saturnine. Be it so *Titus* and gramercie too. *Exeunt.*

sound trumpets, manet Moore.

Aron. Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of fortunes shot, and sits aloft,

Secure

Secure of thunders cr
Aduaunc'd aboue pal
As when the golden s
And hauing gilt the C
Gallops the Zodiack
And ouer-looks the h
So *Tamora.*
Vpon her wit doth ea
And vertue stoops an
Then *Aron* arme thy h
To mount aloft with t
And mount her pitch
Hast prisoner held, fet
And faster bound to
Than is *Prometheus* ti
Away with slauish wea
I will be bright and sh
TO wait vpon this new
TO wait said I? to wai
this Goddesse, this S
this Syren that will c
And see his shipwrack
Hollo, what storme is t
Enter

Demetrius. Chiron
And manners to intru
And may for ought th
Chiron. Demetrius
And so in this, to bear
Tis not the difference
Makes me lesse gratiou
I am as able and as fit a
TO serue, and to deseru
And that my sword v